

Florida Man Gives \$5,000

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/24927916) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/24927916>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
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Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Dreamwastaken , GeorgeNotFound - Fandom
Relationship:	Clay Dream & GeorgeNotFound & Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Crime , Robbery , Friendship , Coincidences , Minecraft
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-06-26 Words: 488 Chapters: 1/1

Florida Man Gives \$5,000

by [paranoidsync](#)

Summary

Dream robs a London guy for his videos, who is this London dude exactly and how could Dream easily rob people in plain sight?

Notes

I don't know what I wrote. Crackhead fic, to be honest. Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Equipped with nothing, the Florida man casually walks beside his target: London rich guy tweeted about how he'd just withdrawn money from the bank. He sported a casual attire with his loose shirt and pants.

The man looked decent, which made Dream feel even more guilty.

"Sorry," Dream muttered under his breath, preparing himself for the crime he's about to commit.

From his right, Dream eyed the man's wallet peeking from his pocket. The pants were loose enough for him to slide into its pockets without much hassle. He sighed in relief.

Concealing the happiness from his face, (The dude was so easy to rob, easy money) Dream quickly scanned the area for any possible threat, and lucky enough, there wasn't any. Feeling pretty

confident, he decided to ditch the smiley mask and just get it done.

Dream looked ahead, waiting for the perfect moment to strike. They both halted by the street, waiting for the light to turn green. "Two... one." Angling himself perfectly to avoid being caught by any cameras, Dream casually reached out towards the man as he walked, hands gripping his wallet, pulling it naturally.

They continue to cross the street and Dream hides the wallet on his hoodie pockets, completely out of sight. He accomplishes his goal as smoothly and quickly as he could. "Sweet," he exclaims, taking pride in himself.

They eventually part ways, Dream heading to his bike in the park. He opens the wallet, grinning once he realized he struck gold. It was full of hundred-dollar bills. At home, Dream counts the bills-- a glittering ten thousand dollars in total.

He takes the cash and cleans the wallet off of his fingerprints, going outside to purposely drop it nearby the local church, hoping to return the wallet indirectly as it had pretty important stuff in it. He's not downright cruel, y'know?

He returns home a few minutes later, and as precaution, Dream hurriedly pulls up his phone, deciding to let his friends spend it to be safe from suspicion.

"I'm giving you \$5,000 to spend, record this," Dream says, greeting George.

"I'm already recording."

"\$5,000? What-- what am I gonna buy?"

"Anything. You have to spend it right now." Or else I'll be too suspicious, Dream meant to say, but decided against. In the middle of the video, George suddenly curses hard and loud, surprising Dream.

"Woah!"

"I'll cut this later," George reassures Dream, confusing him in the process. "What?" George shifted slightly on his seat, pulling out a card. "Why'd you do that?" Dream questioned him.

"To get your full attention, sorry." Dream looks at him in disbelief, staring at his friend with a blank face, as if to say "Why?" George sighs, holding up a familiar ID to his face. "Did you, by any chance, rob my father?"

George was holding up the picture of the London rich guy he'd just robbed. He freezes.

"Aww shit."

End Notes

Edited. Please leave a kudos if you enjoyed reading! Share your thoughts and comment, and thank you for reading.

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